W. Forde
Librarian 1860.

Royal Academy of Music Library

DALE'S NEW EDITION OF

ARTAXERXES

A

SERIOUS OPERA,

as Performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL

Covent Garden & Drury Lane,

Composed by

D.R ARNE.

Entered at Stationers Hall. *Price 10s/6.*

LONDON

Printed & Sold by J. Dale, at his Music & Instrument Warehouses

N.o 19, Cornhill, & the Corner of Holles Street Oxford Street,

facing Hanover Square.

2 OVERTURE IN ARTAXERXES.

Printed by DALE No. 19 Cornhill & the Corner of Holles Street Oxford Street. Price 1s.

Royal Academy of Music

Poco piu che Andante

Soli

Tutti Soli Tutti

3

f

hr

6 6 6 5

6 4

6 7 6 7 6

4 2

Soli

p

Volti Subito

Soli Tutti Soli Tutti

cres

Larghetto

Gavotta

Soli

f

p

f

p

f

Artaxerxes.

Sung by Mrs. Billington and Mrs. Mountain.

Larghetto

MANDANE

Fair Au--ro ra pri-thee ſtay, O! re-

ARBACES

pri-thee ſtay O! re-

-tard unwelcome day, O! retard the day, O! retard un-welcome day,

-tard unwelcome day, O! retard the day, O! retard un-welcome day,

Fair Au-ro-ra pri---thee ſtay, O-re---tard

Fair Au-ro-ra pri--thee ſtay, O re---tard

--un-wel-come day O--re---tard un-wel-come

--un-wel-come day O--re--tard un-wel-come

day think what anguiſh rends my Breaſt thus ca-ref--ſing and ca-

day think what anguiſh rends my Breaſt thus ca-ref-ſing and ca-

-reſs'd, forc'd at thy ap-proach forc'd to part --- to part think what

-reſs'd, forc'd at thy ap-proach forc'd to part --- to part think what

anguiſh rends my Breaſt from the Idol of my heart, forc'd to

anguiſh rends my Breaſt from the Idol of my heart, forc'd to

part ---- at thy approach to part, forc'd to part at

part at thy approach to part, forc'd to part --- at

thy approach to part.

thy approach to part.

Sung by Mrs. Billington.

Andante

MANDANE

A - - dieu, A - -

- dieu, A - dieu thou lovely Youth let hope thy fears remove let hope thy fears re -

- move preserve thy faith and truth but never doubt my Love never doubt - - -

never doubt - - - never doubt my

Love never doubt - - - - - - - - my Love.

Artaxerxes.

From Dale's 2d. book of 30 Songs. Price 5s.

Royal Academy Library

A

-dieu A--dieu A-dieu thou love--ly Youth let hope thy fears remove A-

-dieu A-dieu thou love-ly Youth let hope thy fears remove pre-

-ferve thy faith and truth but never doubt my Love never doubt

my Love pre--ferve pre--

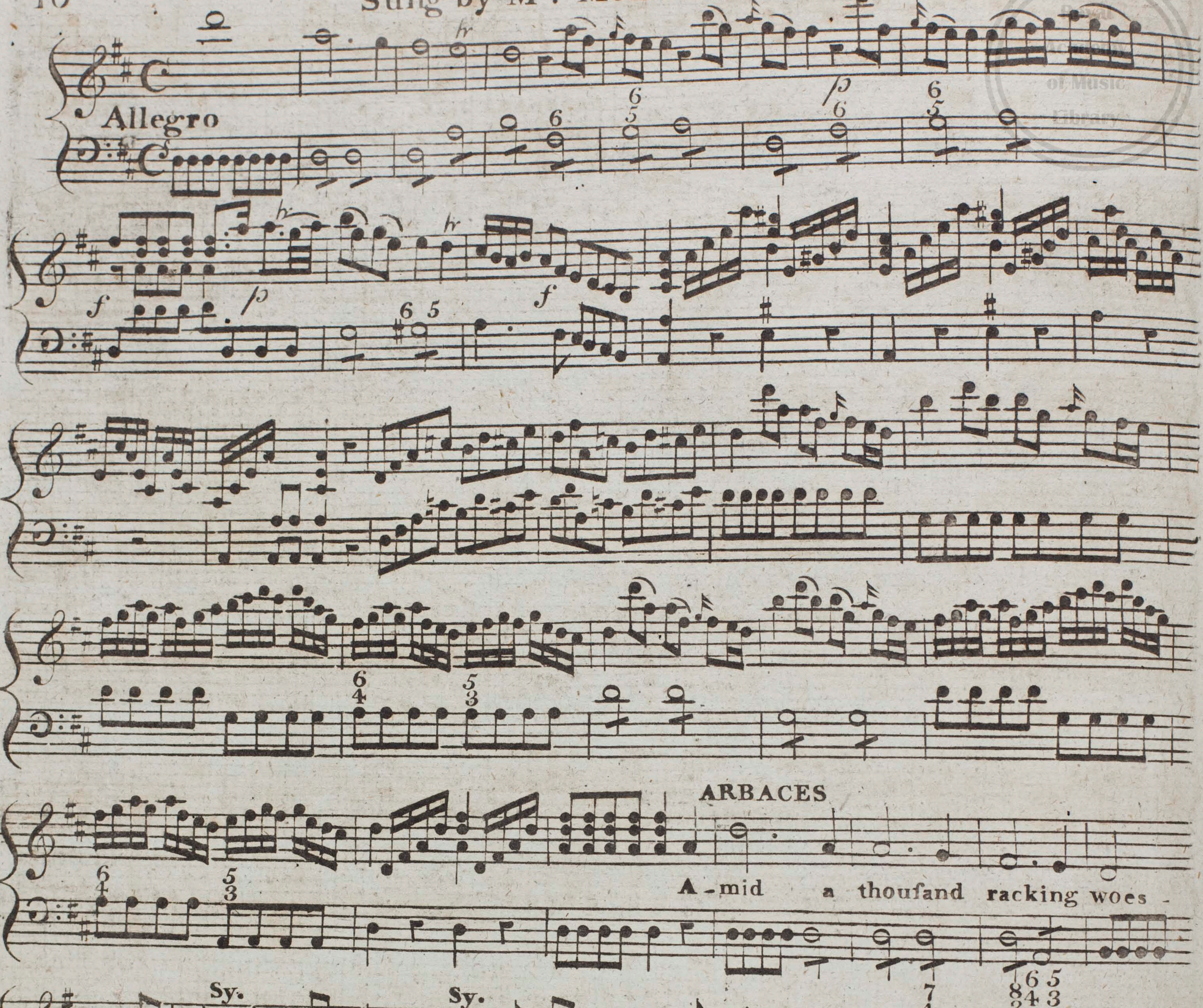
-ferve thy faith and truth but never doubt never doubt never doubt my Love

Adieu Adieu never doubt never doubt my Love never doubt my Love.

Artaxerxes.

From Dale's 2.d book of 30 Songs. Price 5.s

Sung by Mrs Mountain.



and clog - - - - - my la - - bringheart I feel cold Blood dif -

till thro ev'ry Vein and clog

my la - - - bringheart.

A - mid a thouſand rack - ing woes

I pant I tremble I pant I tremble and I feel I feel cold Blood cold

Blood thro ev'ry Veindiſtill andclogmylabringheart and clog - - - - - - - - -

my la - - - bringheart

I pant I tremble and I feel cold blood diftill thro' ev'ry

vein and clog

my la--b'ring heart my

la------ bring heart-- my la----------bring

heart. clog my la--bring heart.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

Larghetto

ARTABANES

Behold Behold on Lethes diſmal ſtrand Behold behold thy

Fa--thers troubled Spirit ſtand, In his Face in his Face

what Grief profound what Grief profound. See See

See he rolls he rollshis haggard eyes hark! hark! revenge revenge he

cries and points points to his ſtill bleeding wound points points to his ſtill bleeding

wound See See he rolls his haggard eyes and hark revenge re-

-venge revenge he cries and points to his ſtill bleeding wound and points to his ſtill

bleeding wound.

Poco f

Volti Subito

Artaxerxes.

Tempo di Minuetto

O - - - - bey the call

revenge his Death

and calm his Soul that

gave thee Breath, calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.

O - bey the call re-venge his Death, and calm his Soul that

gave thee Breath O - bey the call

re-venge his Death

O - bey the call re-venge his Death calm his Soul that

gave thee Breath calm his Soul that gave thee Breath.

ARTAXERXES

Fair Se-mi-ra love-ly Maid ceaſe in pi-ty to up-braid my op-

-preſs'd but conſtant heart, ceaſe in pi--ty in pi-ty to up-braid

my oppreſs'd but conſtant heart, my oppreſs'd but conſtant heart,

heart Full ſuf-ficient are the

woes which my cruel Stars im-poſe, Heav'n a-las has done its

part Full ſuf-ficient are the woes which my cruel Stars im-poſe,

Heav'n a-las has done its part Heav'n a-las has done its part.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

Moderato Allegro

RIMENES

When real joys we miſs 'tis ſome degree of bliſs t'en-joy t'en-

-joy I-de-al Pleaſure, and dream dream of hid-den Treaſure, The

Soldier dreams of Wars, and conquers without ſcars, The Sailor in his ſleep, with

ſafety ploughs the deep, the Sailor in his ſleep in ſafety ploughs the deep in ſafety

ploughs the deep So

I ſo I thro' fancys aid en-joy my heav'nly Maid So I ſo I thro' fancys aid en-

joy my heav'nly Maid, and bleſt with thee and Love, am greater far than

Jove and bleſt with thee and Love am greater far than Jove. am greater

Artaxerxes.

greater greater far than Jove So I thro' fancys aid en-joy my heav'nly

Maid, and bleft with thee and Love, am greater far than Jove, am greater far than

Jove.

Sung by M^rs. Bland.

Allegro

SEMIRA

How hard is the fate how desp'rate the ſtate when virtue and

Honour excites to ſuffer diſtreſs contented to bleſs the object in whom we delight the

object in whom we delight

contented contented to bleſs the object in whom we delight.

light.

Artaxerxes.

Volti Subito

Yet midſt all the woes my Soul undergoes thro' Virtue's too rigid decree I'll ſcorn to com-

plain if the force of my pain a-waken a-waken his pity a-waken his pity for me a---

-waken his pity for me a-wa

---kenhis pity for me I'll ſcorn I'll ſcorn to complain if the force the force of my

pain a-wakens his pity for me a--wakens his pity for me.

ARTABANES Sung by M.r Kelly.

Thy Father a-way a-way I renounce the ſoft claim,

thou ſpot to my Honour thoublaſt to my Fame Thoublaſt to my

Fame Let Juſtice the Traytor to Punifhment bring his

Artaxerxes.

Father he loft when he murder'd his King his Father he loft when he

murder'd his King

Thy Father a - way a - way I renounce the foft claim

thou ſpot to my Honour thou blaſt to my Fame

Let Juſtice the Traytor to Puniſhment bring his Father he loft when he

murder'd his King a - way a - way Let Juſtice the Traytor to

Puniſhment bring his Father he loft when he murder'd his King his

Father he loft when he murder'd his King.

Artaxerxes

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

SEMIRA

Acquit thee acquit thee of this foul offence . re--turn re--

-turn with fpot--lefs In-nocence then fhall my hap-lefs Brother fee that

ne-ver Sifter lov'd like me never never ne-ver lov'd like

me never ne-ver lov'd like me Ac-

-quit thee acquit thee of this foul---- offence re--turn re-

-turn with fpot--lefs Innocence with fpot-lefs Innocence

then fhall my haplefs Brother fee that never Sifter lov'd like me never

never never lov'd like me no ne-ver lov'd like me.

Artxerxes

too lovely too lovely too unkind

If my Lips no cre - dit find Pierce my Breaſt my Heart my Heart ſhall

prove ſtrong in Vir - tue firm in Love guiltleſs wretched left for -

- lorn and worſe than murder'd by - - - thy ſcorn

worſe than murder'd by - - - - thy ſcorn

O too lovely too un-kind too lovely too unkind Pierce my

Breaſt my Heart ſhall prove in Virtue firm in Love guiltleſs wretched

loſt forlorn worſe than mur - - - der'd by thy ſcorn worſe than

murder'd by thy ſcorn mur - - der'd by thy ſcorn.

Artaxerxes

Sung by Mrs. Billington

Allegro

MANDANE

Fly

Fly foft Ldeas

fly Fly foft Ideas fly that neither fear nor figh

my Virtue may be-tray my Virtue may be-tray Natures great

call thatgoverns all a Daughter muft obey

Artaxerxes

From Dale's 2d. book of 30 Songs. Price 5s/.

Natures great call that governs all a

Daughter muſt o - - bey o_bey

- bey

a_las my Soul denies to hear revenges

cries a_las my Soul denies to hear re_ven_ges cries

dare not fond heart to take his part but drive his form a_way but drive

his form away a -

las my Souldenies to hear revenges cries dare not fond heart to take his part but

drive his form a-way but drive

his form a-way

dare not fond heart to take his part dare not fond heart to take his part

but drive his form

his form a-way.

cres

mez f

f

ff

Artaxerxes.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

Andante

ARTAXERXES

In In-fan-cy our hopes and fears were

to each o-ther known and friendſhip in our ri-per years has twin'd our hearts in

one - - - - - has twin'd our hearts in one Oh clear him then from

this offence thy love thy du-ty prove re-ſtore him with that

innocence which firſt inſpir'd my love - - - - - which firſt - in--ſpir'd my

love. love.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

Andante

Disdainful you fly me in anger exclaim ex-claim all comfort de-
-ny me & murder my fame No grief can the heart to pity incline that bears not a part in
sorrow like mine Na-ture's ten-der plea is vain welcome then my chains a-gain my
chains a-gain my chains a-gain O rigor unjust O Counsel ac-
-curst ambition ill plac'd my Virtue disgrac'd the Pains I endure Death only can cure the
Pains I endure Death on-ly can cure the Pains I endure Death only can cure the Pains I en-
-dure Death only can cure Disdainful you fly me in anger exclaim exclaim
all comfort deny me and murder my fame No Grief can the heart to
pity incline that bears not a part in sorrow like mine Nature's tender plea is vain
welcome then my chains a-gain my chains a-gain chains a-gain.

Artaxerxes.

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

Allegro

SRIMENES

To figh & complain alike I difdain contented my wifh to en-

joy

I fcorn to reflect on a

Lady's neglect or barter my peace for a toy or barter my peace for a toy or

barter my peace for a toy In Love as in War I laugh at a fcar and

if my proud Enemy yield the joy that remains is to lead her in chains and

glean the rich fpoils of the Field and glean the rich fpoils of the Field. Field.

Artaxerxes.

Sung by Mrs Billington.

Andante

S. MANDANE

S. If o'er the cruel ty-rant Love a Conquest I be-

-liev'd the flatt'ringer-ror ceaſe to prove O let me be de-ceiv'd O let me be de-

-ceiv'd O let me be de-ceivd.

For-bear to fan the gen-tle flame which love did firſt cre-ate what was my Pride is

now my ſhame and muſt be turn'd to hate then call not to my wav'ring mind the weakneſs

of my heart, which ah! I feel too much inclin'd to take the Trai-tors part For-

part - - - to take the Traitors part.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

Allegro

SEMIRA

If the Rivers fwelling Waves overflow their uſual Bed,

Scarce thaf-frighted Peaſant ſaves from the flood his homely ſhed

T.S.

If the Rivers fwelling Waves.

o--ver-flow their uſual Bed Scarce thaffrighted Peaſant ſaves from the Floodhis

homely ſhed ſcarce hefaves from the Floodfromthe

Flood his homely ſhed

Artaxerxes.

th o' he ſtop one open ſhore, where the Waters ſwiftly glide, tho' he ſtop one

open ſhore where the Waters ſwiftly glide where the Wa ters ſwift ly glide

in an hundred places more ruſhes in th'im petuous tide ruſh

es in th'im pe tuous tide tho' he

ſtop one open ſhore where the Waters ſwift ly glide, in an hundred places more ruſhes

in th'impetuous tide in an hundred places more ruſhes in thimpe tuous

tide.

Artaxerxes.

Academy of Music Library

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

Royal Academy of Music Library

Largo

ARBACES

By that belov'd embrace, by this my fond adieu, deplore my hapleſs care, con

--demn'd a-las by you, ap-peaſe my love my truth - - - commend, your

ſelf preſerve my King defend my King de-fend defend

My ſentence I o-bey, to filial duty true, and

ſcarce have pow'r to ſay to ſay a-dieu a long- - a long - - - -

- - and laſt a-dieu.

Artaxerxes

Sung by Mrs. Billington.

MANDANE

Presto

Monster away

from chearful Day to the barren Desart fly Paths ex -

- plore where Ly - - ons roar and devouring Tygers lie Monster away

from chearful Day - - - - to the barren Desarts fly

Paths explore where Lyons roar and devouring Tygers lie - - Paths ex -

- plore where Lyons roar and devouring Tygers lie Paths explore where Lyons roar & devouring Tygers

lie fly fly where devouring Tygers lie fly fly where devouring Tygers lie - -

where devouring Tygers lie - where devouring Tygers lie

Tho' for food they

Artaxerxes.

wade in Blood, all to ſave their young agree, all to ſave their young agree, all all to

ſave their young agree all to ſave their young - - a - gree Monſter away

from chearful Day - - - to the barren Deſart fly fly fly Paths ex-

-plore where Ly - - - ons roar and devouring Tygers lie Tho' for

food they wade in Blood all to ſave their young agree ev'-ry Creature fierce by Nature

harmleſs is compar'd to thee ev'ry Creature fierce by Nature harmleſs is com-

- par'd to thee compar'd to thee compar'd to thee.

T.S.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

Andante con moto

6 T.S.

ARTABANES

Thou like the glorious Sun thy ſplendid courſe ſhalt run, Thou like the glorious Sun thy ſplendid courſe ſhalt run

What tho' the Night ob-ſcure his light when priſon'd in the weſt, when priſond in the weſt, the

T.S.

day returns again he burns

the God of day conſeſt the God of day conſeſt

Artaxerxes.

Thou like the glorious Sun thy ſplendid courſe ſhalt run

ſplendid courſe ſhalt run

What tho' the Night obſcure his light when priſon'd in the Weſt when priſon'd in the

T.S.

Weſt the day returns again he burns

the God of day confeſt the God of day confeſt the God of

Day confeſt a-gain he burns the God of day confeſt.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

Larghetto

ARBACES

Why is Death for e-ver late to con-clude a wretches woe - - - - - -

Why is Death for e-ver late - - to con-clude a

wretch-es woe - - -

Thofe who live in happy

ftate feel too foon-th'un-time - - ly blow Thofe who live - - in hap-py

ftate feel too foon th'un-time-ly- blow

feel too foon th'un-time-ly blow th'un-timely blow th'un-time - - ly blow.

Artaxerxes. From Dale's 2d. book of 30 Songs. Price 5s/.

Sung by Mrs. Mountain.

Pr. 6d

Andante

ARBACES

Water part-ed from the Sea-- may increaſe the Rivers tide, To the bubling fount may flee,-- or thro' fer-tile Valleys glide:

Tho' in ſearch of loſt repoſe, thro' the land 'tis free to roam,

Still it murmers as it flows, panting for its na--tive home Tho' in ſearch of loſt re-

T.S.

-poſe thro' the land 'tis free to roam ſtill it murmurs as it flows pant-ing

for its na-tive home.

Artaxerxes. From Dale's 2d. book of 30 Songs. Price 5/.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

Presto

ARTAXERXES

Tho' oft a Cloud with envious ſhade conceals -

-- the face of Day -

The Sun is ſtill in flames -- array'd, his beams immor - tal not -- de -

- cay'd, ſoon the gloomy Veil re - tires He darts each pow'rful ray and

light & heat in-ſpires He darts each ray He darts each pow'rful ray and light and

heat inſpires

Tho' oft a Cloud with

envious ſhade conceals conceals the face of Day

The Sun is ſtill in flames array'd His beams im-mortal

not de-cay'd Sy ſoon the gloomy Veil re-tires ſoon the gloo--my

Veil re-tires ſoon the gloomy Veil re-tires He darts each pow'rful

ray & light and heat in--ſpires, Sy ſoon the gloomy Veil re-tires,

Artaxerxes.

ſoon the gloomy Veil re-tires He darts each pow'rful ray and light and heat in-

-ſpires - - - - - - - - & light and heat in-ſpires He darts each pow'rful ray -- and

light and heat inſpires

Sung by Mr. Sedgwick.

Andante Con Spirito

RIMENES

O let the danger of a Son excite vindictive Ire - - -

The proſpect of a Kingdom won ſhoud light Am-

Artaxerxes.

bition's fire The prospect of a

kingdom won should light Ambition's fire should light

Ambition's fire should light Ambition's fire

To wounded minds revenge is balm with Vigour

they engage and Sacrifice a pleasing Calm to a more pleasing rage

To wounded minds revenge is balm with Vigour they en-

-gage and Sacrifice a pleasing Calm to a more more pleasing rage and Sa-

-crifice a pleasing Calm to a more pleasing

rage to a more pleasing rage.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

Siciliana Largo

ARTABANES

O much lov'd Son O much lov'd Son if

Death if Death has ſtol'n thy vital Breath I'll ſhare thy hapleſs Fate I'll ſhare thy

hapleſs Fate I'll ſhare thy hap - leſs Fate Sy

But e'er the Dagger drinks my

Preſto

Blood a mur-der'd King at Lethe's flood the Tidings ſhall re - late the Tidings ſhall relate But

e'er the Dagger drinks my Blood a murder'd King at Lethe's Flood the Tydings ſhall relate ſhare

late the Tydings ſhall re - late the Tydings ſhall relate

A Primo tempo

O much lov'd Son

O much lov'd Son if Death if Death has ſtol'n thy vital Breath I'll ſhare thy hap'lefs

Artaxerxes.

Volti Subito

fate I'll ſhare thy hapleſs fate thy hapleſs Fate But

Preſto

e'er the Dagger drinks my Blood a mur-der'd King at Lethe's flood the Tydings ſhall re-

-late the Tydings ſhall relate a murther'd King at Lethe's flood the Tydings ſhall re-

late. Andante Bid Charon

ceaſe from toil bid Charon ceaſe from toil and reſt up-on his oar bid Charon ceaſe from

toil & reſt up-on his Oar & rest up-on his

Oar

Till I arrive t'attain the Soil where we ſhall part no more ſhall part

where we ſhall part no more where we ſhall part no more.

Sung by Mrs. Billington.

Pr.6d

Andante

Amorofo

MANDANE

Let not rage thy Boſom firing

Pity's ſofter claim remove Spare a Heart that's juſt ex - - - pi - - ring

forc'd by duty rack'd by Love Eachun-

-gen-tle thought ſuſpending Judge of mine by thy ſoft Breaſt nor with

ran-cour never ending heap freſh Sorrows on - - th oppreſs'd Let not rage thy

Boſom firing Pity's ſofter claim re- move Spare a Heart that's juſt ex - - piring

Artaxerxes. From Dale's 2d. book of 30 Songs Price 5s/.

Royal Academy of Music

forc'd by du-ty rack'd by Love

Heav'n that ev-ry

Joy has crofs'd neer my wretched ftate can mend - I a--las at once have loft

Father Brother Lo-ver Friend Father Brother Lo---ver Friend

Let not rage thy Bofom firing Pity's fofter claim re-move fpare a

Heart that's juft ex--piring forc'd by duty rack'd by Love

rack'd by Love.

Sung by Mrs. Bland.

SEMIRA

Andante Larghetto

'Tis not true not true that in our grief o-thers weeping in dif-trefs To our troubles bring re-lief making each mif-fortune lefs eachmif-for-tune lefs making each mif-fortune lefs No when fore oppreſsd by fate better 'tis to ſigh to ſigh a-lone than ſup-port ſupport a double weight others for--rows and our own others for rows and our own.

Sung by Mrs. Billington & Mrs. Mountain.

ARBACES

For thee I live my deareſt but if I meet diſdain for thee my dear I'll

MANDANE

die, for thee my dear I'll die, How lovely thou appeareſt my bluſhes will ex-

ARBA: MAN: AR:

-plain I can no more re-ply I can no more re-ply Then hear me no O

MANDANE

no divide not thus my heart leave me in pity go Ye Gods that

hear me thou art Ye Gods that torture ſo

torture ſo ſome timely reſpite ſend ſome reſpite ſend ah! when will your rigour end--

ſome timely reſpite ſend ſome timely reſpite ſend ah! when will your rigour end--

T.S. cres

ah! when will your rigour end-- your ri-gour end.

ah! when will your rigour end-- your ri-gour end.

ARBA:

For

Artaxerxes.

Page 49 Blank

thee I live my deareſt but if I meet diſdain for thee my dear I'll

MANDANE

die How love-ly thou ap-peareſt my blush-es will ex--plain

I can no more reply no no divide not thus my heart

then hear me O hear me thou art

leave me in pity go Ye Gods that torture ſo ſome timely reſpite ſend ſome

Ye Gods that torture ſo ſome timely respite

timely reſpite ſend ah! when will your rigour end ah! when will your rigour end-

ſend ſome timely ſend ah! when will your rigour end ah! when will your rigour end

T.S. Cres

will your rigour end ah when when will your ri-gour end.

will your rigour end ah when will your ri-gour end.

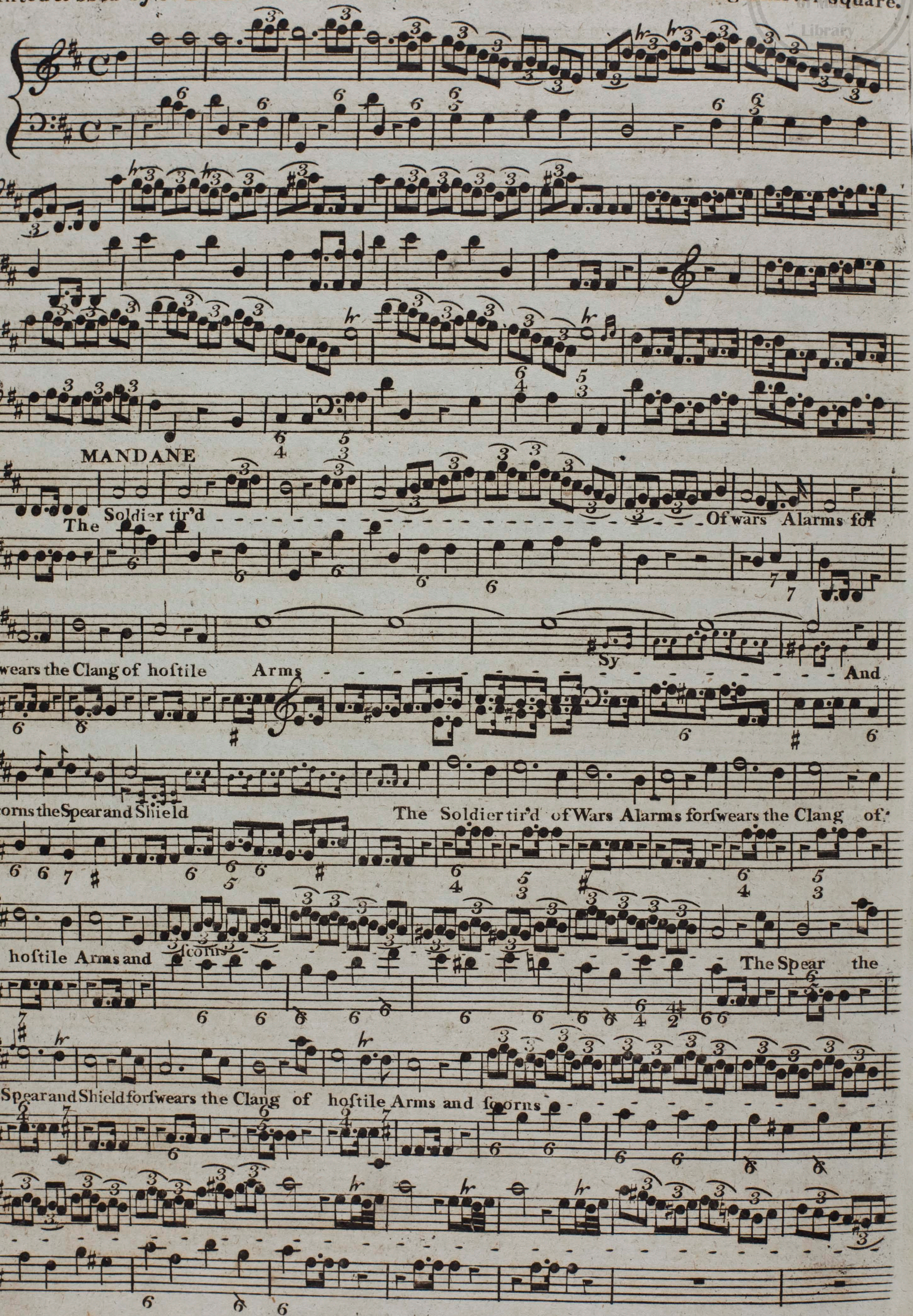
Royal Academy of Music Library

THE SOLDIER TIR'D

Sung by Madame MARA & Mrs. BILLINGTON

Printed & Sold by J. DALE Nº 19 Cornhill & Nº 132 Oxford Street facing Hanover Square.

Price 6d.



The Spear The Spear and Shield

But if the brazen Trumpet Sound

He burns with Conquest to - be Crown'd and dares again the

Field and dares

He dare

again the Field

a - gain the Field He dares

a - - - gain the Field

Fine.